

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1884.

VOL. V. NO. 24.

QUINCY CARDS.

The following is a list of First-class Quincy Business Houses and representative men. We would call the attention of those of our patrons who deal in Quincy, especially country merchants, to this list. Special care was taken to have first-class, responsible men on the list.

L. C. WILLIAMSON,
BRASS FOUNDER,
MODEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER,
Third and Main Streets,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

H. C. NICHOLS,
LAW AND REAL ESTATE,
508 Main Street,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

SMITH, HILL & CO.,
Manufacturers of
IRON HOUSE FRONTS,
ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,
Quincy, Illinois.

J. H. MICHELMANN,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
STEAM BOILERS,
Coal Oil, Land and Water Tanks,
Coolers, Kettles, Etc.,
Also all kinds of Iron and Steel
Fittings. Special attention given to all kinds
of repairing. Orders by mail or telegraph, promptly
attended to. Second hand boilers always on hand.
Corner Fifth and Ohio streets,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

HARVEY CHATTEN,
ARCHITECT,
QUINCY, ILL.

P. C. CLAYBORN, M. D.
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

KIRKSVILLE CARDS.

R. L. DARROW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.
Will buy and sell Real Estate, pay taxes,
write and acknowledge deeds of all kinds,
make abstracts direct from Records, prepare
contracts and write insurance policies in first
class companies. Office, over Kirkville Savings
Bank, with F. M. Harrington. -1814

T. C. HARRIS
Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Real
Estate and Paying Agent.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.
Buy and sell land, town property etc., on
commission. Have for sale large tracts of the most
desirable grazing land at low figures either in Adair
or adjoining counties. Well watered and give
time to payment to suit purchaser with low rate
of interest. Land especially adapted to sheep
raising, being elevated and rolling. Have also
large tract of improved farms in Adams and
Adair counties. Also town property and build-
ing lots. No regular fee—correspondence with
residents owning lands or town property in this or
adjoining counties is respectfully solicited. No
charge without call is effected.

A. T. FOWLER'S
MERCHANT TAILOR.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.
(East side square over Jamison's Drug Store)
Is the place to get the Best Suit of Clothes for the
least money.

HENRY BESTMAN
UNDERTAKER.

Has opened a shop on the Northeast corner of
the square and keeps a full stock of
COFFINS, BURIAL CASES ETC.
On hand at low rates. Orders promptly filled and
on short notice, and is prepared to do all kinds of
work in the cabinet line.

H. S. HAMILTON,
DEALER IN
WOOD, COAL ETC.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.
Office: : NORTH SIDE SQUARE.

J. W. JOHNSTON,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

J. H. CARTER,
DENTIST.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.
Dental rooms on North Side Square, New brick.
All work warranted.

CHAS. S. BOSCOW,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

W. D. OLDHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Will attend calls at all hours. Office new
rooms in rear of Jamison's Drug Store. -1801-12

HALF A MILLION.

The following campaign song is published at the
request of some gentlemen who desire copies:
WE'RE COMING HALF A MILLION STRONG
(Dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic.)

BY GEN'L R. H. A. FREDERICK.
Air: Marching Through Georgia.

Ring out the grand old bugle boys! We'll have an-
other song,
Stirring to the Cheftains, who are moving right
along.

Shout it as we'll sing it boys, half a million strong
While marching to the polls in November.

CHORUS.
Hurrah, hurrah! for Maine and Illinois,
Hurrah, hurrah! we'll down 'em won't we boys?
Making the best of music from East to West-
ern sea,
Marching on to the polls in November.

We'll do some tall old shouting boys, as oft we've
done before.

White going for the Jubilee until they were no
more.

We'll give 'em such a drubbing, boys that'll
linger.

There'll be cheering boys—the cheering mixed
with tears
Or pity for their candidates, resting on their
knees,
And joy at the triumph of our flag of a hundred
years.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah! etc.,
So joyful to the front once more for freedom and
her train;
Creating such a havoc, that their prophets will
mourn.

There's punishment after death for all who dare
remain.
To fight us at the polls in November.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah! etc.
Topeka, Kansas.

CLEVELAND'S RACE.

Air: "Year of Jubilee."
Say darlings have you seen Mars Cleveland

With a mustache on his face,
Go down the road sometime this mornin'
Like he was gwine to leave de place

He looked over yonder an' he smoke
Circle him and Logan camp,
Den he took up his hat an' he left right sudden
He was gwine to take a tramp.

Run Cleveland run, ha, ha, etc.
And cross the ocean toin,
Oh I think you'd better go back to Maria
And learn to live at home.

He's six feet one way four feet the other
And he weighs two hundred pounds,
He wears his coat so big he can't pay de tailor
And it won't go half way round.

He's big enough an' old enough an' ought to know
better.
Den veto the five cent fare.

And den Tom Gray's gwine to scalp him
Dar'll be music in de air.

Run Cleveland run, ha, ha, etc.
Dare money an' lager dar a waltz!
An' people won't complain.

They watch the race 'tween Maria and Cleveland
And vote for Jimmy Blaine,
Cleveland sick and oh, he wishes
He was like old spoony Ben.

Dat he'd never seen dat car driver bill,
Orching dem Irishmen.

Run Cleveland run, ha, ha, etc.
Old George W. Hillan Curtis, kinks like a mule
And makes trouble for a steel.

But we lock him up in de smoke house cellar,
We'll keep him there in de well,
And den Carl Schurz an' gwine to travel
Across de rarin' main.

And goes through into de white house door,
Goes Massa James G. Blaine.

Den stop Cleveland ha ha,
You can't get dar date plain.
For we must know dat de time an' comin'
To elect our Massa Blaine.

Political Notes From the Inspired
Pen of Elder T. Toots.

Heven bin engaged for sometime in
wacin' the kourse uv political events
in our great kentry. I am more than
ever convinced that the demokrazy
will suckseed in this fall kampaign.

The demokrat managers hev exercised
a great amount uv diskreition
in nominatin a kandidate uv obskure
reckord; fur if there is one thing in the
world that the demokrat kandidate
wants obskure it is his reckord.

Then the private karakter uv the
Hon. Grov. Kleveland bein so pure
and unsullied that even the young la-
dies uv our land hev becom interested
in him, and hev took to writin essays
onto him and laudin him his virtues
and purity, and callin onto their fath-
ers, brothers and sweethearts to stand
by him and elect him, and by this
means reskue us from the tiranikal
rule uv the hated republiken, will be
a power in this kampaign never before
brot to bare onto the great masses uv
the people. Then in New York, the
great Kee Stone state, that completes
the pondrous ach uv our great and
noble party uv freedom, we hev the
sweet-toned and silver-tongued orator
uv German extraction, Karl Shirts, a
usin his powerful lufense fur us and
the glorious cause uv demokrazy.

There also we hev the great Karica-
ture, Thos. Nast, who hes turned his
powerful battery uv ridekule onto the
republiken, and like the skunk uv our
native forests, bringin all into kon-
tempt who kom into kontakt with his
powerful perfumery.

Then we hev the Hon. B. F. Butler
uv Massachusetts, that great New Or-
leans spoon extractor, who we once
hated, bekaus he licked sum uv our
Southern brothers, and would not let
our lightened ladies uv the South
spit onto the national flag, but who we
now luv as a brother, bekaus he iz
with us and iz a host in himself as a
kampainer. He iz new actin as an in-
dependent, but the thing iz understood
and one tap from Hendrick's barrel
will sekure the old veteran to us.

Then we hev Harper's Weekly, a

a powerful organ uv destruction, which
once belonged to us, but who lett us
when the republiken got ino power,
fur that organ always beleeved in
keepin on top and floatin with the
tide. In Indiana we hev that truly
good and patriotic man, Thos. Hend-
ricks, whos nobul soul wus so wrought
onto durin our late onpleasantness.
His hart aked to see his breathren uv
the South brot into subjection, and de-
nounced the war as onholly and a
failure. The freedum uv the niggers
wuz a thorn in hiz tender side and hiz
hart bled to see the niggers vote. He
always strenuously opposed eny and
ev'rything the government hes done, and
this gives him a chance to pose as a
martyr, and this gives him much
strength as a demokrat kandidate.

In our great and nobul state, we
Missourians hev at the hed uv our
ticket one uv the greatest names on
reckord. A karakter who, for loyalty
and devoshun to the demokrazy, iz
without a parallel in the world. A
statesman who was brot up at the feet
of the Hon. Wm. Anderson uv Cen-
tralia fame, and a life-long friend uv
and student under the Hon. Jesse and
Frank James, and whos history and
reckord iz closely and intimately con-
nected with all uv the great and nobul
men uv the state. With this nobul
man at the hed uv the ticket we will
march forward to victory, and so com-
pletely annihilate all opperstation that
the hidehered monster republikenism
will never rais its bafeul kountenance
in our great state agin.

What a glorious konsumation this
will be, to see the soldiers that wore
the blue allowed the privilege uv
marchin sholder to sholder to the
poles with the boys that wore the gray,
and castin their votes fur this great
soldier and statesman. Glorious priv-
ilege. This remindes us uv the
scripter, that ses the lion and lam shell
lie down together, and a little kid shell
lead them. But my opinion iz thet
when this happens the lam will be on
the inside uv the lion, and the kid will
be on the other side uv a high stone
wall with a long chain to lead with.

But this iz a private matter twixt us.
Ez regards our county election, we
think we hev a walk over. The fact
uv our hevbin one kandidate, and ez
the republiken hev some dead weight
to karry, it givs us an easy opportunity
to gain a victory.

Our sincere prair iz that the good
work uv reformation ma go steadily on
ontil demokrazy, like a irresistibile
syklone, ma sweep all before it and
bring us once more that freedum we
onct enjoyed and now so much desire.

Then the great Amerikan Eagle, the
emblem uv our kentry, kin sail majes-
tically over our wide domain and
skream with delite, without the fear uv
bein shot at by thotless kullered citi-
zens, and bein maimed and terrorized.

Then us old wheel-hosses uv the party
who hev bein compelled to stand out
in the cold without feed or shelter fur
lo these many years will be taken back
to the publick corral, and with our nos-
es stuck into the publick krib, will
again becom fat and sleek; and when
the spring time cums and we are turn-
ed out into green pastures we'll bathe
our weary limbs in God's pure sun-
shine uv freedum, and all will agin be
cerene as it wunst were.

Hopin that the young ladies may
kontinue to encourage us in the good
work, and hopin that there will not be
more lickers used this fall than iz ne-
cessary fur the okasion, I remain
yours, as ever, fur edikation and reform.

ELDER T. TOOTS.

A Cataline.

Cats are said to have nine lives. So
have dogs; canine lives.—[Boston Post.

The next Arctic expedition will be
accompanied by a pair of Kilkenny
cats.—[Louisville Courier Journal.

A paragraph in one of the daily pa-
pers headed "Nine Lives Lost," would
indicate that somebody's cat had been
killed.—[Boston Bulletin.

A family in New Hampshire has
fourteen cats and wants more. It is
supposed they are trying to get up a
Wagner festival.—[Boston Post.

It has been discovered by a scientist
that cats are fond of cucumbers. Ah,
that accounts for their midnight matine-
es.—[Yonker's Statesman.

There is a family in Lunbomton, N.
H., which has fourteen cats and wants
more. There is no accounting for
tastes in music.—[Burling Free Press.

Softly, through the garden, gate he's stealing
To meet his love upon the grassy plain.
The risen moon his little form just revealing;
'Tis not Adonis—'tis the Thos. cat.
—[Marathon Independent.

Classifying Profanity.

Young Theologue—Yes, we think
you might class "gosh dum" and "dad
bing" as profane swearing. "Gauld-
ing" may also be considered a swear
word. "I'm swizzled" is another. All
these words are the outgrowth of a ter-
rible struggle, a theological compro-
mise arranged by our Puritan ances-
tors, who recognized with faultless
spiritual vision and worldly acumen
the necessity of a pure life and a sin-
less vocabulary, and at the same time
the utter impossibility of plowing a
New England stone patch without a
class of words designed to relieve the
overburdened mind and astonished
feelings every time the plow handles
broke a man's ribs and extorted every
last drop of vital breath from his pant-
ing body.—[Bob Burdette.

Inoculation Against Love Sickness.

Thomas Hughes reports a curious
fellow passenger on board a transat-
lantic steamer. His name was Adri-
ance Ward Ashley, as he gave it, and he
said that he had been a curate in some
remote part of England. He was a
man of much learning and had been
carried away by Pasteur's discoveries
in the treatment of hydrophobia by
inoculation, and he believed that the
principle could be applied to purely
mental ailments or conditions. His
argument ran in this way: Hydro-
phobia is as much a disease of the
mind as of the body. The remains of
those who die rabid show, on dissec-
tion, no sign of physical disturbance.
The malady is largely of the mind.
Now, Pasteur has proved that inocu-
lation with hydrophobia gives a dog
immunity from the disease, though he
may be repeatedly bitten by rabid
beasts; and it is believed that the same
effect would be produced on human
beings. If that be so, it is clear that
all of the positive emotions, especially
those which are apt to drive persons
crazy, can be guarded against. All
we have to do, for example, is to ob-
tain the virus of love from a maiden
afflicted with it, inoculate a sentiment-
ally healthy man, and thus make him
forever proof against the affliction.
Ainsley's visit to America is to lay his
idea before the British association at
Montreal.—[New York Sun.

A Mother Who Teaches Lying.

"Undertones" in San Francisco Chronicle.

Ever since the first young woman I
ever loved swore to me she loved me
only and ran off with another fellow I
have believed that the female sex does
not really understand the truth.

A young lady last night very candidly in-
formed me that she considered a lie a
very useful and artistic feature of life,
and that the truth was as devoid of
beauty as a straight line, and yet she
expects me to believe everything she
says.

I honestly think the woman was
entirely to blame in the Garden of
Eden business. I know a young boy
who is being simply ruined by his
education by his mother. He is eight
years old, with all the noble instincts
of probity and obedience which gen-
erally characterize a boy's nature.

This tender parent has instructed him
that whenever he gets on a car the ap-
pearance of the conductor to collect
the fare reduces his age under five.

He has been educated to give that
figure when asked by anybody who
wants to collect money for his trans-
portation. Last week a friend of the
family was displaying his interest in the
child by inquiring his age. The little
boy hesitated for a moment, and then
looked up at his mother:

'Mamma is he a conductor?'
'No, child.'
'Then I am eight years old.'

He Was a Cashier.

'Here you' howled a bank cashies,
going into an editor's room, 'what do
you mean by putting my picture in
your newspaper?'

'No harm at all sir' meekly respond-
ed the editor. 'We are merely pub-
lishing the portraits of men holding
prominent positions in business or the
professions, and put yours in with the
others.'

'Well sir I don't like it, and I am
not going to have it.'
'I am sorry that you do not like it;
we certainly meant all right.'
'Oh you did, did you? Well why
did you do it? That picture of me, sir
looks exactly like a thief.'

'Well ain't you a bank cashier?'
stammered the editor, in an innocent
way.

Somehow after that the bank cashier
hadn't anything to say and the editor's
back bone stuck right up over the top
of his collar.—[Merchants' Traveler.

MANY NAMES, ONE MASTER.

BY THE REV. ISAAC O. RANKIN.

A little company was gathered at the
seashore. They were, for the most part,
strangers to each other. Through the
week they had gone their several ways,
with only the casual greetings of
chance acquaintanceship, or the ordi-
nary talk of fellow-boarders at meal
times.

By some chance—or providence, let
us say—many of them had gathered
one Sunday afternoon in a sheltered
nook of the cliffs, the sun behind them,
the sea rolling upon the sand far be-
low.

The sense of common interest, the
power of a common thought seemed
to come over them. They drew nearer
together, and soon were talking in low
tones one to another of the Christ.

'On such a grassy slope as this,' a
gray haired man was saying, 'He sat
with his disciples while he gave them
the law of his kingdom. So the blue
sky hung above his head, and so he
looked off upon the Sea of Galilee.'

'What would he say to us, if he were
here?' The question came in awe-
struck tones from a lady near the cen-
ter of the group. There was a mo-
ment's silence and then a quiet voice,
which came to every ear, repeated the
words: 'This is my commandment,
that ye love one another as I have lov-
ed you.'

All looked up to see who had spok-
en. It was a stranger who had come
to the hotel only the night before. He

sat apart. His arms were folded, and
his eyes upon the sea.

A silence fell upon the company.
Only the beating of the surf was heard
and the screaming of the gulls.

One man, however, was uncomfort-
able. He had not shared the common
thought of those about him. It was
his wife who asked the wondering
question which implied that Christ
might speak to them; and as she did
so he had risen from his seat, as if to
go. Now he dug uneasily into the sod
with his cane and at last he spoke.

'Strange! Here we are from the ends
of the earth—all church-members, I
suppose. I wonder how many denomi-
nations are represented here.'

He rose and took a notebook from
his pocket. 'I move we take a vote.'
It was like the interruption of a
pleasant dream. No one objected,
however, and he stepped out from the
group and addressed the stranger who
had repeated the words of Christ.

'Will you tell me sir, what denomina-
tion you prefer?'

'I am a Disciple,' was the quiet
answer.

'A follower of Alexander Campbell,
I suppose?'

'Not at all. I am a Christian.'

'Then you are certainly a—Camp-
bellite,' persisted the little man with
the notebook, 'for they call themselves
Christians.'

'You are mistaken, sir. I have
never been connected with that de-
nomination. I am a Catholic.'

By this time general interest was
aroused, and one young lady looked
up with pleasure in her eyes when the
word 'Catholic' was pronounced.

'I shall put you down a Roman Cath-
olic then?'

'Not so fast, if you please. I am a
Churchman.'

One or two looked pleased at this;
but the questioner began to be vexed.
'Do you mean to say that you are an
Episcopalian?'

'Yes, if you like, I am an Episco-
palian. I am a bishop. But then I am
a Methodist.'

'Amen.' The word came from a
plainly dressed lady, who spoke quietly,
but did not seem afraid of the sound
of her own voice.

'Oh! it is Methodist Episcopal,' said
the little man, just the suspicion of a
sneer mixing with his vexation.

'Not at all. I am a Presbyterian.
I was ordained an elder.'

'You will tell us next that you are a
priest?'

'With great pleasure. I have been
a priest for many years.'

'Are you anything else?' sneered the
little man.

'I am a Baptist.'

'Anything else?'

'Yes, I am a Friend.'

'Is that all?'

'No. I am a Spiritualist, a Free
thinker, and a member of the Church
of the New Jerusalem. You may put
me down as all of these.'

It was curious to watch the faces of
the company as the dialogue went on.
It was like lighting of a dark church.
They were perplexed; and yet, now
one, and now another, flashed out in
recognition as the familiar names were
spoken. The interest was general, and
in watching the sobriety with which
the stranger answered it grew to be a
deeper thing than mere curiosi-
ty.

The little man was silenced at last.
He stood ready to write, but wrote
not.

The natural body, and to put on the
spiritual body. All this has come to
me only though Jesus Christ and the
Holy Spirit, whom he sends.

I am a free thinker, in the liberty
wherewith Christ has made me free.
As often as I seek the truth—and I do
so freely—I find it in him.

I am a member of the Church of
the New Jerusalem. Here I have no
continuing city; but I seek one to
come. God the Father of our Lord
Jesus Christ according to his abun-
dant mercy, hath begotten us again
unto a lively hope by the resurrection
of Jesus Christ from the dead to an in-
heritance, incorruptible and undefiled,
and that fadeth not away, reserved in
heaven for us. Jerusalem, which is
the mother of us all.

I am nearly as much in the dark as
ever,' said the gray-haired man.

My name is Andrew Dean, and I am
pastor of the First Church of Christ in
Salem,' answered the stranger.

As they climbed up the grassy slope,
in answer to the invitation of the sup-
per going, the wife of the little man
signed, as she said to her friend: 'What
can be the use of having so many
names when there is but one Master?'

Anecdotes of Authors.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A correspondent, writing from Cum-
mington, gives us the following inter-
esting account of the early life of Bry-
ant:

The principal source of education
in the poet's boyhood was the district
school, but he was more favored than
his contemporary school-fellows, in
that he received additional instruction
in the family circle. The intellectual
atmosphere of his home had a great
influence in the development of his
poetic powers of mind. He thus in-
directly alluded to the result of his
home training in a poem:

'For he is dead, who taught me in my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses.'

The district school house that he at-
tended in Cummington, Mass., stood
at the corner of a forest where three
roads met, and about a mile distant
from his home. While attending this
school his first poem was written. He
was thirteen years of age at the time.
The poem was the valedictory address
at the close of a winter term.

Another poem, written also about
this time, was entitled 'The Embargo,'
the subject of which was the exciting
political events of Thomas Jefferson's
administration. It was afterwards
published in the county paper.

His physical constitution, when a
boy, gave no promise of the long and
vigorous life he enjoyed. He graduat-
ed from Williams College, and while
there, at the age of sixteen, wrote the
immortal 'Thanatopsis.' The secluded
spot where this poem was composed
has since been known as Bryant's
Glen.

His beautiful poem, 'The Old Man's
Counsel,' was a conversation between
himself, when a boy, and his aged
grandfather who was a Puritan of the
most genuine type. In the later years
of his life his heart turned again to the
scenes of childhood. He repurchased
the old homestead, that had passed
into other hands, and remodeled it into
a beautiful country residence.

DEATH OF A POEM.
Doubtless many of our readers have
read General W. S. Lytle's fine poem
Cleopatra, written the night before the
battle in which he was killed. The
Pittsburgh Leader relates the romantic
circumstances under which it was writ-
ten. They were told by the late Col-
onel Realf to a gentleman.

He spoke of the night before the
battle at which General W. S. Lytle
fell. The two (Realf and Lytle) lay
together in the General's tent.

They were both given to writing
poetry at such times, and each had an
unfinished poem on hand, and they
read and criticised each other's efforts
humorously for some time, when, said
Lytle—

'Realf, I shall never live to finish
that poem.'

'Nonsense,' said I, 'you will live
to write volumes of such stuff.'

'A feeling has suddenly come over
me,' continued the General solemnly,
'which is more startling than a
prophecy, that I shall be killed in to-
morrow's fight.'

'As I spoke to you, I saw the green
hills of the Ohio